# Women's New Motor Corps Meets War's Emergencies

## Captain Helen Bastedo's Practical Drivers Even Search German Women About to Sail for the Fatherland

THIS will be mainly about the new Motor Corps of America, which is female (a word the corps undoubtedly prefers to "feminine") and which, under other colors, has for months done these States some service and now hopes to do a great deal more in a fully official capacity and seems in a fair way to realize its ambition.

Consequently much of this will be about Capt. Helen Bastedo, for the Captain is the corps; at least it would be hard after talking with her to imagine the corps without her, and with her it is easy to imagine its becoming almost any good thing she may conceive.

But very, very little will be about the reasons why the corps has lately withdrawn from the National League for Woman's Service, whose motor corps it was. For one thing, the corps is too sensible to say much for publication about the row. For another, it doesn't matter.

The League for Woman's Service was organized about a year ago. Among the organizers were Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Miss Anne Morgan, Miss Maude Wetmore and Mrs. Cyrus Field. Its plan of service was broad and ramified and from time to time there have been creaks and jolts in getting the machinery going. The latest is the secession of the motor corps.

**New Corps Organized.**

The corps, with its cars, was doing things for the army, the navy, the secret service and other government branches. It was always on call and was driving officials, foreign diplomats, officers and the like around the town upon their business errands. When it broke with the league there was talk that it felt itself fully occupied with more important work than the taxifying from conference to conference (or from conference to Sherry's) of the league's members, who had cars of their own or taxi fare to burn but liked to be seen driven in portentous war time state by a smart young woman in a khaki uniform.

Of course there was something to say on the side of the league as well. There usually are two sides. You can understand how both Goethals and Denman may have had good cases; the point was not the argument, but ships. The present point is not grievances, but woman's service to the nation, for which there seems to be any amount of room.

"We withdrew from the league," said Capt. Bastedo at the time, "because we thought that for the sake of the country we could do better work as a separate organization."

The league apparently thought so too. And why not let it go at that?

When the corps had withdrawn there it was, without a habitation or a name, without anything, indeed, except its corps spirit and Capt. Bastedo; the one is probably synonymous with the other. For Capt. Bastedo is captain, not by courtesy or by promotion, but by her endowment from her fairy godmother. A wiry, brisk little woman, individual and original, possessed of uncommon nervous force and marked out in action by extreme incisiveness and directness. To her the corps coheres.

She wasted no time in deciding what to do. She made her own apartment corps headquarters until she could open new quarters in a vacant store at 19 East Fifty-seventh street. She altered the colors of lapels, arranged for new insignia and informed the national authorities that her drivers were on the job.

It looks as if the authorities were pleased with Capt. Bastedo and would pin to her. News has leaked out of her organization's most recent stunt, which the same was considerable stunt. There were close upon 200 German diplomats in town, going home from the Far East under safe conduct. They were quartered at Wallick's and the Holland House, and the problem was to put them on board their ship without giving them a chance to write books on New York in war time.

**Hun Methods Copied.**

The writer hereof is not sure that if he had been Uncle Sam he would have handled them in just that way. He would have been strongly tempted to show them a good time and about a dozen of the biggest training camps, so that when they got home they would have had something to tell in Wilhelmstrasse. Wilhelmstrasse knows about the training camps, of course, but on the general principle of quis custodiet ipsos custodies it must frequently distrust its sources of American information. A first hand account of half a million husky youths in khaki might possibly act as bromides do on a maniac. However——

The Motor Corps of America, Capt. Bastedo commanding, was called on at an hour's notice to drive those Huns from their hotels to their ship in closed automobiles—and did it. Then up and spake the secret service mogul unto the Captain.

"You've done this so well," said he, "that I'm going to ask one more thing of you. The women and children in that crowd have got to be thoroughly searched. Now, do you think you could"——

"I think we could," said the Captain—it may or may not have been with an inward grim satisfaction. "I've had it done to me in Germany, since the war began."

She called her drivers about her and lectured impromptu on Hun technique in searching a woman, which is more thorough than pleasant and leaves a police matron's methods far behind. Then they went into the staterooms and did what had been asked.

"The only thing we didn't have," says the Captain, "was the chemical tests for sympathetic writing on the skin. I don't believe we left out anything else."

And now she is ready to teach Hun search as a requisite to United States agents in other ports.

There is more than one good story in Capt. Bastedo, but they cannot be written at present, for she does not see why anybody should be interested in the general career of a young woman who was born in South America, married an Englishman, spent the last few years before the summer of 1914 and some time after it on the continent of Europe in a diversity of picturesque occupations, and has, among her other frolics, bobsledded in the same party as his Serene Transparency the German Crown Prince; while she does not think this is the time for her, as a servant of the United States Government, to tell tales of inside war knowledge. In private life she is Mrs. Walter Bastedo and the mother of a small daughter.

Not for nothing do her corps women, naturally and humanly pleased (as men are pleased) with their appearance in their jaunty uniforms, salute her in strict form, do her bidding on the jump, and man the yards, so to say, when she comes into headquarters. The placard "Captain Bastedo" over her desk may amuse a cynical male when first he sees it in her absence, but not when he has seen herself. You imagine her always subordinate to her superiors, but afflicted with no social snobbery whatever, and mighty sure of her conceptions of who her superiors are. You do not imagine her at any sort of khaki tinted tea.

Being just now very busy and very anxious you find her wire edged, but she would always be impatient to get things done instanter. She does things.

Not long ago an automobile gored a truck horse in the hurly-burly of traffic on Madison avenue. The captain and two of her aids happened by. They stopped the blood with a tourniquet and cleaned and sewed up the wounds before the horse ambulance arrived.

"I never saw a better job," said the traffic policeman, and the traffic squad does not pay compliments lightly.

When the captain resigned from the league seventy-five out of seventy-nine of the old corps resigned with her. The wonder is that the other four did not. Now she plans a national service, responsible to Washington, modelled on the women's motor service in Great Britain, and if possible running a branch behind the lines in France. Herbert L. Satterlee and John Barrett, the latter director of the Pan-American Commission, were on the advisory council of the old league corps, and they continue advisers of the new one and are furthering the captain's plans for extension of the corps's usefulness.

Before a woman can qualify she must "pass a still examination in mechanical proficiency, have her State chauffeur's license, be a graduate of the emergency first aid course at St. Luke's Hospital, and then do a month on work on probation." Having accomplished all that she gets "our uniform."

"The game," the captain calls her work, as some newspaper men do theirs. The words in her mouth are not an affectation.

Capt. Helen Bastedo (at left of colors) and the Motor Corps of America, composed of women chauffeurs.

# Germans Lose at Own Game, Writes Man Close to Front

## Huns Curse Day Gas Was Used and Eagerly Surrender Whenever Chance Affords—What Training Means

**Official figures supply the answer to the talk sometimes heard that the English soldiers are not doing their full share of the fighting as compared with other contingents of the British army. The statistics since July 31 show that the British army is made up as follows: English 70 per cent., overseas contingents 16 per cent., Scottish 8 per cent., Irish 6 per cent. The casualties were thus distributed: English 76 per cent., overseas 8 per cent., Scottish 10 per cent., Irish 6 per cent.**

*From a letter written by Private Ralph Webb, former insurance agent of Newark, N. J., now No. 1,090,466, C Company, 164th Battalion, Fifth Canadian Division, in a training camp in England, to C. G. Terwilliger.*

DEAR FRIEND—You will doubtless be surprised to see the "England" at the top of this letter. Yes, we are still here, and it is for that reason that I have delayed answering your letter of nearly three months ago. I wanted to write you from the front and give you some news that would interest you. You don't want to hear about how soldiers are loafing around in England, I know.

Nevertheless, lest you are picturing me as a hero, fighting bravely for the common cause (if you ever think of me at all), I decided that I had better drop you a line, especially as it will reach you in time for the old time honored Christmas wishes. And besides it will be, on the whole, a cheering rather than a depressing letter, for the news from the front is good.

Soldiers home from France on leave report that the Germans on the western front acknowledge themselves beaten, and are only too glad to surrender when they get a chance. Our artillery fire is tremendous, far greater than the world has ever seen before, and it is comparatively easy to go "over the top" these days behind a barrage of fire which leaves only a few demoralized Germans to be cleaned up. Our losses in men are therefore very small (always comparatively, of course), which explains in part why I (together with a good many other well trained men) am still awaiting the "come on" call.

**"Safety First" the Motto.**

When I wrote you last I was either still in kilts or had just been changed into my present rigout, so I had better go over briefly my movements since then.

On June 6 most of the old 253d boys were transferred from the Fifth Canadian Reserve at Sandling to our present "home" with the 164th Battalion, in the Fifth Canadian Division. At that time we had every reason to believe that it meant quicker action for us, for a big draft of the 164th had just been sent to France; but it has turned out otherwise, as a good many of our boys left behind at Sandling have already seen action. I will try to explain to you how it has happened this way, if the Canadian Division censor will pass what I write.

As I have said, I am now in the Fifth. I was in the Fifth Canadian Reserve. There are four Canadian Divisions in France. A division consists of 20,000 fighting men, besides engineers, construction men, &c. The Fifth Division is practically ready for the front, and it is the wish of the officers and men to go over as a unit, naturally.

But, of course, it takes a big reserve to keep four divisions up to full strength, and a bigger one to keep up five. The various reserves (there are quite a number) take care of these reenforcements as a rule, although occasional drafts have been sent from here; but if the Fifth went over now it might be too much for the reserves to take care of, and "Safety First" is always and absolutely the British motto. But very soon now conscription, already in operation in Canada, will warrant the sending out of our division, we hope.

So it really looks as if we will be here for a while longer; always allowing, though, for unexpected happenings on the Canadian front. For, as you doubtless know, we are absolutely separate from and independent of the Imperials, being entirely under the care of the Canadian Government, who are responsible for keeping up to strength the units sent over. And it is far better to have four divisions always up to full strength than to try to hold a longer line with undertrained men.

The American Government is up against the same problems, and you people must be patient, for patience is one of the greatest lessons of this war. The war is already won if we all continue to play safe, but I think it will be better if a big American army puts the finishing touches on it and hastens the end.

**England's Great Effort.**

I hope to be a United States citizen after the war, if I come through it in condition to be accepted as one, but I just want to give you an idea of what our British army is doing.

You can gather from what I have written a fair idea of the number of Canadians at the front. Now in the statistics of the make up of the British army the Overseas item includes Canadians, New Zealanders, Australians and perhaps a few South Africans (although most South Africans are engaged in annexing German colonies). There may be some Hindus included, too, but I don't think there are many in France now. How small, then, that "16 per cent." looks! And Canadians are given a little to bragging of what we are doing!

Great Britain (especially the British Isles) is certainly in this muss "with both feet," and they claim they are not up to full strength yet! So, with our American boys on the way, what chance has Germany now, even if Russia is up against it?

Just a word or two about my brother and myself. We are still together, though so many brothers have been parted owing to one going ahead of the other. Neither of us has fallen down in anything yet, or been sick (which has been the cause of so many setbacks to some men, and sickness is no' altogether up to one's self in the army). So we have been very fortunate.

We are in excellent health and condition (I have gained about 10 lbs. in weight), and thoroughly trained—so much better trained than some of the men who had to go over for the early days of the war and do practically unarmed (as compared with the enemy) what our big guns are doing for us now.

**Ready for the Front.**

I told you we were ready for the front when I wrote you in June. That was substantially correct, but we are now a little better than ready. We have steadily improved in our shooting, bayonet fighting, bomb throwing, &c., and have besides learnt a good deal about the inside devilry of modern warfare.

We have talked with returned men; we understand the importance of protection against gas attacks (which is, by the way, another instance of the Germans being beaten at their own game—every German soldier curses the day when a countryman of his invented the gas); we know a little about the strategy of the game, having had plenty of field manœuvres, trench attacks (night and day), &c.; we have marched and bivouacked for days at a time, in all weathers, till we are hard as nails and can't even catch a cold when we lie down exhausted at night on a sodden ground in the pouring rain with our clothing soaked through and through and with no protection but a rubber sheet large enough to either lie on or put over one (take your choice).

I know that this work has got to be done—and thank the Lord millions realized it before I got into uniform—but I would make a poor recruiting officer. Yet I am so very, very glad that I was not left out of this great movement. Personally, I would not for the world go back upon my part of the business. But others, with dependents, have my advice to go slow. An allwise Congress (or whatever is the unlucky chooser) will select the best fitted for the task.

**No Complaint to Make.**

To get back to ourselves. Since writing to you last my brother and I have taken a Lewis machine gun course and are now capable of handling one of those babies. They fire from 600 to 700 shots a minute. Machine gun sections, though, are known affectionately as "suicide squads," because they are so thoroughly marked by the enemy artillery.

I don't think you have seen a picture of me since I left you, so I will enclose one of us both, taken last July. I will also drop in one or two small snapshots, which will give you an idea of what we look like.

The one taken in the trench looks almost like actual warfare, doesn't it? Even to the tired look on our faces. Well, we were tired those days. We were working night and day at that time. That is a box respirator for protection against gas. We have been through the real thing, but there is absolutely no danger with one of those things on. At the front you have them ready at all times. You have probably seen pictures of men wearing them.

There is positively nothing we need—my mother, my good friends and relations in Newark and elsewhere, are always asking what they can send me, and I cannot think of anything I want—and we have plenty of pocket money and the Y. M. C. A. provides concerts, debates, &c., for our entertainment, so that we are never at a loss for something to do.

And now that we are fully trained we have a very easy time of it, for of course, there is nothing to be gained by keeping us going at full speed over the same old ground. So we get more lectures and demonstrations of the "inside stuff."

There is a lot of humor to this life, as you may suppose, and I only hope my memory does not fail me when I get back to our old open fire at 73 Linden avenue and begin to tell my experiences.

And now I guess I'll close. Hoping my next letter will be from the trenches in France or elsewhere, I remain very sincerely yours,

RALPH WEBB.

# LIVES AS NOTHING IN HUNT FOR WAR PHOTOGRAPHS

## Experiences of Donald C. Thompson, "Jimmie" Hare and A. K. Dawson Typical of Host of Camera Men

AS you look over the photographs telling pictorially the story of the war do you ever give a thought to the man behind the camera, the photographer who by risking his life made your entertainment possible?

Brady of civil war fame made a fine job of it, but he had an easy time compared with the war photographer of to-day. Most of Brady's splendid pictures were taken after battles were fought. To-day the modern camera shows the enemy charging across No Man's Land, a swooping airplane dealing out death to those fighting below; U-boats torpedoing steamships and warships sinking with hundreds of dead and survivors in the nearby waters. Movies show bursting shells, trench life and men going over the top.

In the making of this pictorial record some war photographers have been killed and many have been wounded, yet the work of photographing the war goes on. Some of those who have had luck on their side have gone through dozens of battles and been under fire scores of times.

No war has ever been reported so well so far as photographs are concerned as the present war. When the war correspondents got their instructions to go to the front and to get there as best they could the photographers received the same orders, but they faced this peril: that any one caught with a camera in his possession was liable to be shot on the spot. Nevertheless, no matter where war has penetrated there has been found the photographer, and he has been the man on the spot wherever there has been a picture to take.

Some remarkable pictures have been made by amateur photographers; wireless men and others owning a camera and carrying it in the hope that there might be a chance to use it. The wireless operator of the Lusitania belonged to the latter group and along with a newspaper man snapped pictures as the boat upon which more than a thousand lost their lives was going down.

That moment for the wireless operator must have been the most dramatic of his life. When the Lusitania was torpedoed the main installation of the wireless was destroyed. The chief operator and his assistants immediately began work with the emergency apparatus. The S O S flash was sent and it was a second before the emergency apparatus broke down that the chief wireless operator called out: "They've got it!"

The work of the wireless operators was over; it was every man for himself. The ship was listing at an angle of 35 degrees; one wireless operator got his camera and snapped the scene looking forward.

The newspaper photographer was not one of the survivors. He was Patrick L. Jones, a New York newspaper man on his way on to London. What he did was thus described by C. T. Jeffrey of Kenosha, Wis., a survivor of the disaster:

"I was on B deck," said Mr. Jeffrey, "on the starboard side, and about five minutes before the liner sank I saw him. I happened to look from the companionway and found the deck deserted save for the young man, who stood about thirty yards away.

"He had a hand camera and was standing at the rail, balancing himself with one foot on the top rail, for the boat had a frightful list, and was taking snapshot after snapshot of lifeboats being lowered and those already on the water.

"Although this deck was almost on the level with the water he did not seem the least bit perturbed, and the sight so fascinated me that I simply stood there and watched him spellbound for a minute. I remember thinking that he would be better employed trying to save himself. Then I left him to look after myself. It was the coolest thing I ever saw or ever expect to see."

The dean of war photographers is "Jimmie" Hare, who has snapped every war since 1895 and was one of the first American war photographers to arrive in London soon after the declaration of war. At the beginning of the war his life was just one arrest after another by the Germans, French, Belgians and British. Snapping on every front, he saw more of war than did many war correspondents.

The experiences and escapades of Donald C. Thompson of the Kansas prairies would make an interesting book, and he could fill it with actual war pictures taken under fire if he would. For Thompson left Topeka to see the war and he certainly saw it, although occasionally under guard by soldiers of various armies. He had a way with him that helped him out of scrapes. Sometimes it was the truth; sometimes it was not; but it accomplished his purpose.

Here is a snapshot of the Kansan whose knowledge of languages was confined to three, "English, American and Yankee," as he looked to an

**Donald C. Thompson, whose adventures as a war correspondent read like fiction.**

American war correspondent who was paying a visit to the American consulate at Ostend:

"He was a little man wearing an American army shirt, a pair of British officer's breeches, French puttees and a Seaforth Highlander's helmet. He carried a camera the size of a parlor phonograph and announced that he was Donald C. Thompson of Topeka, Kan."

Thompson was in Belgium when the German army hacked its way through and he snapped and snapped until the Germans got close to Antwerp. Then realizing that he would be unable to get out of Antwerp, at least for some time, if he stayed longer, he went toward the French border.

Thompson always manages to get where he wants to go somehow. On this particular day Mrs. Winterbottom, wife of a British army officer, originally from Boston, drove a motor car to a fort where wounded men needed attention. To reach the fort it was necessary to drive along a road for two miles constantly swept by shell fire. Shells were shrieking and howling, but the woman in the car was going along as if she might be on Commonwealth avenue, Boston.

On the running board as the gray car shot down the road on its errand of mercy was the little Kansas photographer. Thompson remained in the fort until he got everything he wanted. Then he started back and fell in with a group of Belgian soldiers, who made an inn their home for the night. In the night a shell burst, killing fifteen in the upstairs room and nine in the cellar where Thompson bunked. But he was unharmed. He climbed over the dead, shouldered his camera and started for more pictures.

Thompson is a fatalist. "Why be afraid?" he asks. "When you're born, kid, your days are numbered. Don't make no difference what you do, where you go or what chances you take. When that last day comes you're through; but it won't come till the time's up. So why be downhearted?"

Only once did war leave its mark on him, at Dixmude, where a shell exploding near him wounded him in the face and stripped off part of his coat from his back. He went back to England to recuperate but soon was off again.

He was the only man, until the Marne, that succeeded in holding the German army back. He got permission from Gen. von Boehn, commanding the Ninth Imperial Field Army, to photograph the German troops. The German soldiers halted along the road so that he might get good snapshots and on one occasion went through target practice just to convince the little Kansan with the "sunflower smile" that they were good marksmen.

At Mons he was arrested, but later everybody was so busy that no one paid any attention to him and he went to the front lines. He went into the trenches with the troops and at one time assisted in digging himself in at a place where an attempt was made to hold an advance position. One of his pictures showed a counter attack with Germans charging at 100 yards. He got away with his camera and the picture.

One of the most remarkable pictures of the war was made by Albert K. Dawson, photographer of Vincennes, Ind., and Stamford, Conn. The picture was snapped from the crest of a German trench when a German regiment was charging through a shower of French bullets and shrapnel. Fallen soldiers are in the background, showing that the firing must have been heavy.

A number of the Russian war pictures were the work of Edwin F. Weigle, who won his spurs at Vera Cruz when he made moving pictures at close range of the fighting which took place when the American bluejackets took possession of the town after Huerta refused to salute the American flag.

# Patriotic Young Men Fail to Deceive By Memorizing Surgeons' Eye Charts

ARMY and navy surgeons who have examined young New Yorkers for admission into the service have learned that they must look out for two classes of men who will try their utmost to deceive them. The more dangerous of the two types are not the slackers, as might be supposed, but the patriotic youth with some physical defect not noticeable immediately, but sufficiently serious to bar him from the service.

In the Brooklyn navy yard, where scores of men are examined daily, the surgeons encounter a number of would-be slackers who wish to prove their patriotism by volunteering and plan to fall down on the eye test or the ear test purposely. Thus without risking their skins the slackers may boast of their effort to get in and exhibit their rejection papers to their admiring friends.

The number has diminished considerably, however, as a result of the vigilance and cleverness of the examining officers. Now few "four flushers" dare match their wits against those of the surgeons.

But the surgeons find an increasing number of young men who are determined by fair means or foul to do their bit in the navy. In this category the men under weight and the men with bad eyesight have been the most successful in getting by.

Many a youth built like a needle has staggered into the examining room loaded almost up to the chin with water. Every pint swallowed means one pound more weight, and the result is that the thin patriotic lads come to be examined in a waterlogged condition.

As weight is proportionate to height in the examination the stringy ones stand beneath the measuring board in a series of bends, like a carpenter's rule, knees bent slightly, trunk bent to one side, body curved backward and head pressed hard down on the shoulders. It takes a hard hearted surgeon indeed to exclude one of these suffering patriots from the service on account of a pound or so of weight.

The boys with defective eyes but perfect memories sometimes fooled the surgeons by memorizing the chart and rattling off the letters displayed on it from a distance of twenty feet when they could barely see the chart itself. But, as one applicant found the other day, the good old times when this was possible have vanished.

Instead of a chart one of the applicants who had intended to study it up at near range found a single line of letters on what appeared to be a cylinder encased in a metal box. A narrow slit perhaps two inches wide and a foot long in the metal container revealed the line of type. Surprised that his work was made so easy the near sighted applicant hastily memorized the letters while the surgeons were busy with the other men.

Having passed the other tests successfully the patriotic cheat stepped briskly to the twenty foot distance, covered one eye as requested and rattled off:

"W A S T B E X K L C Y."

"Fine," said the surgeon examining him. For a moment the officer's hand touched a string running overhead in the direction of the metal box. "Now read it again."

A little surprised at this request the young man complied; this time faster than at first:

"W A S T B E X K L C Y."

The surgeon chuckled.

"Too bad, son. You're out of date with that memory stunt. Every time I touch this cord the cylinder in that box turns and shows a new line of type. That line you have just read is P O G I H N U A R V J."

Sadly the applicant resumed his clothes.

"Just the same," he muttered as he put on his glasses and yanked his tie into place, "I bet I can lick the man that threw me down, eyes or no eyes."

# Million Bibles Needed for Our Soldiers

THE American Bible Society has responded to an S O S call for a million testaments for soldiers and sailors from the army and navy chaplains and the Y. M. C. A. working at the front. Just now it is conducting a campaign to raise $400,000 to supply the demand for Bibles among soldiers. The Federal Council of Churches, representing all denominations, is cooperating with it in this work.

Printing a million testaments is a small piece of work for an institution which publishes Bibles in 156 different languages, including Zulu. Did you know that the Bible is the continuous "world's best seller," in the trenches and out—the most popular of all books? Hundreds of thousands of Bibles are piled up in the stock room at the Bible House waiting to be cut and bound.

At the Bible House they are still setting type in the old fashioned way, by hand. This is because there are so many varieties of columns in the printing of Bibles, they will tell you, and the sharper, hand set type makes a better mould. One old gentleman in the composing room has been setting type for Bibles since 1868. When he was asked how many Bibles he had set up, he replied with a twinkle:

"It's not how much you set up, it's what you read and take to heart that counts. I always read a few verses each day to help along."

The soldier's testament is small enough to slip conveniently into a comfort kit. Thirty pages are printed on one sheet and then they are cut and bound and stitched in the sewing room ready for the bindery. They must be made good and strong because like everything else which belongs to the fighting man they are hard service.

There is no gilt and embossing about these little books. Covers of khaki, like the service uniform, with the edges colored brown to match distinguish them.

Bibles fresh from the presses ready to be cut and folded, then bound for use of the soldiers.